











# ENGLISH POEMS



English  
Poems  
By Richard Le-  
Gallienne.

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**To Sissic' Le Gallienne**



## EPISTLE DEDICATORY

*Dear Sister: Hear the conclusion of the whole matter. You dream like mad, you love like tinder, you aspire like a star-struck moth—for what? That you may hive little lyrics, and sell to a publisher for thirty pieces of silver.*

*Hard by us here is a 'bee-farm.' It always reminds me of a publisher's. The bee has loved a thousand flowers, through a hundred afternoons, he has filled little sacred cells with the gold of his stolen kisses—for what? That the whole should be wrenched away and sold at so much 'the comb'—as though it were a hair-comb. 'Mummy is become merchandise . . . and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.'*

*Can we ever forget those old mornings when we rose with the lark, and, while the earliest sunlight slanted through the sleeping house, stole to the little*

*bookclad study to read—Heaven bless us!—you, perhaps, Mary Wollstonecraft, and I, Ivy, in a Froben folio of 1531.*

*Will you accept these old verses in memory of those old mornings? Ah, then came in the sweet o' the year.*

*Yours now as then,*

R. L. G.

*May 14th, 1892*

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# ENGLISH POEMS



## TO THE READER

*Art was a palace once, things great and fair,  
And strong and holy, found a temple there :  
Now 'tis a lazear-house of leprous men.  
O shall we hear an English song again !  
Still English larks mount in the merry morn,  
An English May still brings an English thorn,  
Still English daisies up and down the grass,  
Still English love for English lad and lass—  
Yet youngsters blush to sing an English song !*

*Thou nightingale that for six hundred years  
Sang to the world—O art thou hush'd at last !  
For, not of thee this new voice in our ears,  
Music of France that once was of the spheres ;  
And not of thee these strange green flowers that  
spring  
From daisy roots and seem to bear a sting.*

*Thou Helicon of numbers ' undefiled,'  
Forgive that 'neath the shadow of thy name,  
England, I bring a song of little fame ;  
Not as one worthy but as loving thee,  
Not as a singer, only as a child.*



**PAOLO AND FRANCESCA**

**To R. K. Leather**

**(July 16th, 1892.)**

## PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

It happened in that great Italian land  
• Where every bosom beateth with a star—  
At Rimini, anigh that crumbling strand  
The Adriatic filcheth near and far—  
In that same past where Dante's dream-days are,  
That one Francesca gave her youthful gold  
Unto an aged carle to bolt and bar;  
Though all the love which great young hearts  
can hold,  
How could she give that love unto a miser old?

Nay! but young Paolo was the happy lad,  
• A youth of dreaming eye, yet dauntless foot,  
Who all Francesca's wealth of loving had;  
One brave to scale a wall and steal the fruit,  
• Nor fear because some dotard owned the root;  
Yea! one who wore his love like sword on thigh  
And kept not all his valour for his lute;  
One who could dare as well as sing and sigh.  
Ah! then were hearts to love, but they are long  
gone by.



Ye lily-wives so happy in the nest,  
Whose joy within the gates of duty springs,  
Blame not Love's poor, who, if they would be blest,  
Must steal what comes to you with marriage  
rings :

Ye pity the poor lark whose scarce-tried wings  
Faint in the net, while still the morning air  
With brown free throats of all his brethren sings,  
And can it be ye will not pity her,  
Whose youth is as a lark all lost to singing there.

In opportunity of dear-bought joy  
Rich were this twain, for old Lanciotto, he  
Who was her lord, was brother of her boy,  
And in one home together dwelt the three,  
With brothers two beside ; and he and she  
Sat at one board together, in one fane  
Their voices rose upon one hymn, ah me !  
Beneath one roof each night their limbs were  
lain,  
As now in death they share the one eternal pain,

As much as common men can love a flower  
Unto Lanciotto was Francesca dear,  
'Tis not on such Love wields his jealous power ;  
And therefore Paolo moved him not to fear,

Though he so green with youth and he so sere.  
Nor yet indeed was wrong, the hidden thing  
Grew at each heart, unknown of each, a year,—  
Two eggs still silent in the nest through spring,  
May draws so near to June, and not yet time to sing!

Yet oft, indeed, through days that gave no sign  
Had but Francesca turned about and read  
Paolo's bright eyes that only dared to shine  
On the dear gold that glorified her head ;  
Ere all the light had from their circles fled  
And the grey Honour darkened all his face :  
They had not come to June and nothing said,  
Day followed day with such an even pace,  
Nor night succeeded night and left no starry trace.

Or, surely, had the flower Paolo pressed  
In some sweet volume when he put it by,  
Told how his mistress drew it to her breast  
And called upon his name when none was nigh ;  
Had but the scarf he kissed with piteous cry  
But breathed again its secret unto her,  
Or had but one of every little sigh  
Each left for each been love's true messenger :  
They surely had not kept that winter all the year.

Yea! love lay hushed and waiting like a seed,  
Some laggard of the season still abed  
Though the sun calls and gentle zephyrs plead,  
And Hope that waited long must deem it dead;  
Yet lo! to-morrow sees its shining head  
Singing at dawn 'mid all the garden throng:  
Ah, had it known, it had been earlier sped—  
Was it for fear of day it slept so long,  
Or were its dreams of singing sweeter than the song?

But what poor flower can symbol all the might  
And all the magnitude, great Love, of thee?  
Ah, is there aught can image thee aright  
In earth or heaven, how great or fair it be?  
We watch the acorn grow into the tree,  
We watch the patient spark surprise the mine,  
But what are oaks to thy Ygdrasil-tree?  
What the mad mine's convulsive strength to thine,  
That wrecks a world but bids heaven's soaring  
steeple shine.

A god that hath no earthly metaphor,  
A blinding word that hath no earthly rhyme,  
Love! we can only call and no name more;  
As the great lonely thunder rolls sublime,  
As the great sun doth solitary climb,

✓ And we have but themselves to know them by,  
 Just so Love stands a stranger amid Time :  
 The god is there, the great voice speaks on high,  
 We pray, 'What art thou, Lord ?' but win us no reply.

So in the dark grew Love, but feared to flower,  
 Dreamed to himself, but never spake a word,  
 Burned like a prisoned fire from hour to hour,  
 ✓ Sang his dear song like an unheeded bird ;  
 Waiting the summoning voice so long unheard,  
 Waiting with weary eyes the gracious sign  
 To bring his rose, and tell the dream he dared,  
 The tremulous moment when the star should shine,  
 And each should ask of each, and each should answer  
 —' Thine.'

Winter to-day, but lo ! to-morrow spring !  
 They waited long, but O at last it came,  
 Came in a silver hush at evening ;  
 Francesca toyed with threads upon a frame,  
 Hard by young Paolo read of knight and dame  
 That long ago had loved and passed away :  
 • He had no other way to tell his flame,  
 She dare not listen any other way—  
 But even that was bliss to lovers poor as they.

The world grew sweet with wonder in the west  
 The while he read and while she listened there, °

And many a dream from out its silken nest  
Stole like a curling incense through the air ;  
Yet look'd she not on him, nor did he dare :  
But when the lovers kiss'd in Paradise  
His voice sank and he turned his gaze on her,  
Like a young bird that flutters ere it flies,—  
And lo ! a shining angel called him from her eyes

Then from the silence sprang a kiss like flame,  
And they hung lost together ; while around  
The world was changed, no more to be the same  
Meadow or sky, no little flower or sound  
Again the same, for earth grew holy ground :  
While in the silence of the mounting moon  
Infinite love throbb'd in the straining bound  
Of that great kiss, the long-delaying boon,  
Granted indeed at last, but ended, ah ! so soon.

As the great sobbing fulness of the sea  
Fills to the throat some void and aching cave,  
Till all its hollows tremble silently,  
Pressed with sweet weight of softly-lapping  
wave :  
So kissed those mighty lovers glad and brave.  
And as a sky from which the sun has gone  
Trembles all night with all the stars he gave—

A firmament of memories of the sun,—  
So thrilled and thrilled each life when that great  
kiss was done.

But coward shame that had no word to say  
In passion's hour, with sudden icy clang  
Slew the bright morn, and through the tarnished  
day  
An iron bell from light to darkness rang :  
She shut her ears because a throstle sang,  
She dare not hear the little innocent bird,  
And a white flower made her poor head to hang—  
To be so white ! once she was white as curd,  
But now — 'Alack ! ' 'Alack ! ' She speaks no other  
word.

The pearly hue on yonder hills afar  
Within the dawn, when mounts the lark and  
sings  
By the great angel of the morning star,—  
● That was his love, and all free fair fresh things  
That move and glitter while the daylight springs :  
To thus know love, and yet to spoil love thus !  
To lose the dream—O silly beating wings—  
Great dream so splendid and miraculous :  
O Lord. O Lord, have mercy, have mercy upon us.

She turned her mind upon the holy ones  
 Whose love lost here was love in heaven tenfold,  
 She thought of Lucy, that most blessed of nuns  
 Who sent her blue eyes on a plate of gold  
 To him who wooed her daily for her love—  
 ' Mine eyes ' ' Mine eyes ' ' Here,— go in peace,  
 they are ' .

But ever love came through the midnight grove;  
 Young Love, with wild eyes watching from afar,  
 And called and called and called until the morning  
 star

Ah, poor Francesca, 'tis not such as thou  
 That up the stony steeps of heaven climb,  
 Take thou thy heaven with thy Paolo now—  
 Sweet saint of sin, saint of a deathless rhyme,  
 Song shall defend thee at the bar of Time,  
 Dante shall set thy fair young glowing face  
 On the dark background of his theme sublime,  
 And Thou and He in your superb disgrace  
 Still on that golden wind of passion shall embrace.

So loved this twain, but whither have they passed ?

Ah me, that dark must always follow day,  
 That Love's last kiss is surely kissed at last,

Howe'er so wildly the poor lips may pray :  
Merciful God, is there no other way ?  
And pen, O must thou of the ending write,  
The hour Lanciotto found them where they lay,  
Folded together, weary with delight,  
Within the sumptuous petals of the rose of night.

Yea, for Lanciotto found them : many an hour,  
Ere their dear joy had run its doomèd date,  
Had they, in silken nook and blossomed bower,  
All unsuspect the blessed apple ate,  
Who now must grind its core predestinate.  
Kiss, kiss, poor losing lovers, nor deny  
One little tremor of its bliss, for Fate  
Coineth upon you, and the dark is nigh  
Where all, unknissed, unknissing, learn at length to lie.

Bent on some journey of the state's concern  
They deemed him, and indeed he rode thereon :  
But questioned Paolo—' What if he return !'  
• ' Nay, love, indeed he is securely gone  
As thou art surely here, beloved one,  
He went ere sundown, and our moon is here—  
A fear, love, in this heart that yet knew none !'  
How could he fright that little velvet ear  
With last night's dream and all its ghostly fear !



So did he yield him to her eager breast,  
And half forgot, but could not quite forget,  
No sweetest kiss could put that fear to rest,  
And all its haggard vision chilled him yet ;  
Their warder moon in nameless trouble set,  
There seemed a traitor echo in the place,  
A moaning wind that moaned for lovers met,  
And once above her head's deep sunk embrace  
He saw—Death at the window with his yellow face.

Had that same dream caught old Lanciotto's reins,  
Bent in a weary huddle on his steed,  
In darkling haste along the blindfold lanes,  
Making a clattering halt in all that speed :—  
' Fool ! Fool ! ' he cried, ' O dotard fool, indeed,  
So ho ! they wanton while the old man rides,'  
And on the night flashed pictures of the deed.  
' Come ! '—and he dug his charger's panting sides,  
And all the homeward dark tore by in roaring tides.

As some great lord of acres when a thief  
Steals from his park some flower he never sees,  
Calls it a lily fair beyond belief,  
Prisons the wretch, and fines before he frees ;  
Such jealous madness did Lanciotto seize ;  
All in an instant is Francesca dear,  
He claims the wife he never cared to please,

All in an instant seems his castle near,—  
And those poor lovers sleep, forgot at last their fear.

His horse left steaming at his journey's end,  
Up through his palace stairs with springing tread  
He strode ; the silence met him like a friend,  
Fain to dissuade him from that deed of dread,  
Making a breeze about his burning head,  
Laying large hands of comfort on his soul ;  
Within the ashes of his cheek burned red  
A long-shut rose of youth, as to the goal  
Of death he sped, as once to love's own tryst he stole.

He caught a sound as of a rose's breath, ~  
He caught another breath of deeper lung,  
Rose-leaves and oak-leaves on the wind of death ;  
He drew aside the arras where they clung  
In the dim light, so lovely and so young—  
They lay in sin as in a cradle there,  
Twin babes that in one bosom nestling hung :  
Even Lanciotto paused, ah, will he spare ?  
Who could not quite forgive a wrong that is so fair !

The grave old clock ticked somewhere in the  
gloom, . . .  
A dozen waiting seconds rose and fell

Ere his pale dagger flickered in the room,  
Then quenched its corpse-light in their bosoms'  
swell—

‘Thus, dears, I mate you evermore in hell.’  
Their blood ran warm about them and they sighed,  
For the mad smiter did his work too well,  
Just drew together softly and so died,  
Fell very still and strange, and moved not side by  
side.

Yea, moved not, though two hours he watched  
the twain

And heard their blood drip drip upon the floor,  
Twice with stern voice he spake to them again,  
And then, a little tenderly, once more,—

‘Thus, dears, in hell I mate you evermore.’

And when the curious fingers of the day

Unravelled all the dark, and morning wore,  
And the young light played round them where  
they lay

The souls were many leagues upon the hellward  
way.

# **LOVE PLATONIC**



*Surely at last, O Lady, the sweet moon  
That bringeth in the happy singing weather  
Groweth to pearly queendom, and full soon  
Shall Love and Song go hand in hand together ;  
For all the pain that all too long hath waited  
In deep dumb darkness shall have speech at last,  
And the bright babe Death gave the Love he mated  
Shall leap to light and kiss the weeping past.*

*For all the silver morning is a-glimmer  
With gleaming spears of great Apollo's host,  
And the night fadeth like a spent out swimmer  
Hurled from the headlands of some shining coast.  
O, happy soul, thy mouth at last is singing,  
Drunken with wine of morning's azure deep,  
Sing on, my soul, the world beneath thee swinging,  
A bough of song above a sea of sleep.*

2

*Who is the lady I sing ?  
Ah, how can I tell thee her praise*

• LOVE PLATONIC

*For whom all my life's but the string  
Of a rosary painful of days ;*

*Which I count with a curious smile  
As a miser who hoardeth his gain,  
Though, a madhearted spendthrift the while,  
But gather to waste again.*

*Yea, I pluck from the tree of the years,  
As a country maid greedy of flowers,  
Each day brimming over with tears,  
And I scatter like petals its hours ;*

*And I trample them under my feet  
In a frenzy of cloven-hoofed swine,  
And the breath of their dying is sweet,  
And the blood of their hearts is as wine.*

*O, I throw me down on the ground  
And I bury my face in their death,  
And only I rise at the sound  
Of a wind as it scattereth,*

*As it scattereth sweetly the dried  
Leaves withered and brittle and scree  
Of days of old years that have died—  
And, O, it is sweet in my ear !*

*And I rise me and build me a pyre  
Of the whispering skeleton things,  
And my heart laugheth low with the fire,  
Laugheth high with the flame as it springs ;*

*And above in the flickering glare  
I mark me the boughs of my tree,  
My tree of the years, growing bare,  
Growing bare with the scant days to be.*

*Then I turn to my beads and I pray  
For the axe at the root of the tree—  
Last flower, last bead—ah ! last day  
That shall part me, my darling, from thee !*

*And I pray for the knife on the string  
Of this rosary painful of days :  
But who is the Lady I sing ?  
Ah, how can I tell thee her praise !*

## II

*I make this rhyme of my lady and me  
To give me ease of my misery,  
Of my lady and me I make this rhyme  
For lovers in the aftertime,  
And I weave its warp from day to day  
In a golden loom deep hid away*



In my secret heart, where no one goes  
But my lady's self, and—no one knows.

With bended head all day I pore  
On a joyless task, and yet before  
My eyes all day, through each weary hour,  
Breathes my lady's face like a dewy flower.  
Like rain it comes through the dusty air,  
Like sun on the meadows to think of her ;  
O sweet as violets in early spring  
The flower-girls to the city bring,  
O, healing-bright to wintry eyes  
As primrose-gold 'neath northern skies—  
But O for fit thing to compare  
With the joy I have in the thought of her !  
So all day long doth her holy face  
Bring fragrance to the barren place,  
And whensoever it comes nearest me,  
My loom it weaveth busily.

Some days there be when the loom is still  
And my soul is sad as an autumn hill,  
But how to tell the blessed time  
When my heart is one glowing prayer of rhyme !  
Think on the humming afternoon  
Within some busy wood in June,  
When nettle patches, drunk with the sun,

Are fiery outposts of the shade ;  
 While gnats keep up a dizzy reel,  
 And the grasshopper, perched upon his blade,  
 Loud drones his fairy threshing-wheel :—  
 Hour when some poet-wit might feign  
 The drowsy tune of the throbbing air  
 The weaving of the gossamer  
 In secret nooks of wood and lane—  
 The gossamer, silk night-ropes of the flowers, )  
 Fluttered apart by amorous morning hours.  
 Yea, as the weaving of the gossamer,  
 If truly that the mystic golden boom,  
 Is the strange rapture of my hidden loom,  
 As I sit in the light of the thought of her ;  
 And it weaveth, weaveth, day by day,  
 This parti-coloured roundelay ;  
 Weaving for ease of misery,  
 Weaving this rhyme of my lady and me,  
 Weaving, weaving this warp of rhyme  
 For lovers in the after-time.

- 
- My lady, lover, may never be mine  
 In the same sweet way that thine is thine,  
 My lady and I may never stand  
 By the holy altar hand in hand,  
 My lady and I may never rest  
 Through the golden midnight breast to breast,

Nor share long days of happy light  
 Sweet moving in each other's sight :  
 Yea, ever must we ever miss  
 The honey of the chastest kiss.

## III

But, Song, arise thee on a greater wing,  
 Nor twitter robin-like of love, nor sing  
 A pretty dalliance with grief—but try  
 Some metre like a sky,  
 Wherein to set  
 Stars that may linger yet  
 When I, thy master, shall have come to die.

Twitter and tweet  
 Thy carollings  
 Of little things,  
 Of fair and sweet ;  
 For it is meet,  
 O robin red !  
 • That little theme  
 Hath little song,  
 That little head  
 Hath little dream,  
 And long.

But we have starry business, such a grief  
 As Autumn's, dead by some forgotten sheaf,

While all the distance echoes of the wain;  
Grief as an ocean's for some sudden isle  
Of living green that stayed with it awhile,  
Then to oblivious deluge plunged again!  
Grief as of Alps that yearn but never reach,  
Grief as of Death for Life, of Night for Day:  
Such grief, O Song, how hast thou strength to  
teach,  
How hope to make assay?

## IV

## ONCE

ONCE we met, and then there came  
Like a Pentecostal flame,  
A word;  
All I said not,  
Only thought,  
She heard!  
All I never say but sing,  
Worshipping;  
Wrapt in the hidden tongue  
Of an ambiguous song.

How we met what need to say?  
When or where,  
Years ago or yesterday,  
Here or there.

All the song is—once we met,  
She and I;  
Once, but never to forget,  
Till we die.

All the song is that we meet  
Never now—  
'Hast thou yet forgotten, sweet?'  
'Love, hast thou?'

### THE DAY OF THE TWO DAFFODILS

'The daffodils are fine this year,' I said;  
'O yes, but see my crocuses,' said she.  
And so we entered in and sat at talk  
Within a little parlour bowered about  
With garden-noises, filled with garden scent,  
As some sweet sea-shell rings with pearly chimes  
And sighs out fragrance of its mother's breast.

We sat at talk, and all the afternoon  
Whispered about in changing silences  
Of flush and sudden light and gathering shade,  
As though some Macstro drew out organ stops  
Somewhere in heaven. As two within a boat

On the wide sea we sat at talk, the hours  
Lapping unheeded round us as the waves. |  
And as such two will oft-times pause in speech,  
Gaze at high heaven and draw deep to their hearts  
The infinite azure, then meet eyes again  
And flash it to each other ; without words  
First, and then with voice trembling as trumpets  
Tremble with fierce breath, voice cadenced too  
As deep as the deep sea, Æolian voice,  
Voice of star-spaces, and the pine-wood's voice  
In dewy mornings, Life's own awful voice :  
So did we talk, gazing with God's own eyes  
Into Life's deeps—ah, how they throbbed with stars !  
And were we not ourselves like pulsing suns  
Who, once an æon met within the void,  
So fiery close, forget how far away  
Each orbit sweeps, and dream a little space  
Of fiery wedding. So our hearts made answering  
Lightnings all that afternoon through purple mists  
Of riddled speech ; and when at last, the sun,  
Our sentinel, made sign beneath the trees  
Of coming night, and we arose and passed  
Across the threshold to the flowers again,  
We knew a presence walking in the grove,  
And a voice speaking through the evening's cool  
Unknown before : though Love had wrought no  
wrong, \*

His rune was spoken, and another rhyme  
Writ in his poem by the master Life.

'Pray, pluck me some, I said. She brought me two,  
For daffodils were very fine that year,—  
O very fine, but daffodils no more.

yi

### WHY DID SHE MARRY HIM?

WHY did she marry him? Ah, say why!  
How was her fancy caught?  
What was the dream that he drew her by,  
Or was she only bought?  
Gave she her gold for a girlish whim,  
A freak of a foolish mood?  
Or was it some will, like a snake in him,  
Lay a charm upon her blood?

Love of his limbs, was it that, think you?  
Body of bullock build,  
Sap in the bones, and spring in the thigh,  
A lusty youth unspilled?  
But is it so that a maid is won,  
Such a maiden maid as she?  
Her face like a lily all white in the sun,  
For such mere male as he!

Ah, why do the fields with their white and  
gold

To Farmer Clod belong,  
Who though he hath reaped and stacked and  
sold

Hath never heard their song?  
Nay, seek not an answer, comfort ye,  
The poet heard their call,  
And so, dear Love, will I comfort me—  
He hath thy lease, that's all.

## VII

## THE LAMP AND THE STAR

YEA, let me be 'thy bachelere,'  
'Tis sweeter than thy lord;  
How should I envy him, my dear,  
The lamp upon his board.  
Still make his little circle bright  
With boon of dear domestic light,  
While I afar,  
Watching his windows in the night,  
Worship a star  
For which he hath no bolt or bar.  
Yea, dear,  
Thy 'bachelere.'



## VIII

## ORBITS

Two stars once on their lonely way  
Met in the heavenly height,  
And they dreamed a dream they might shine  
    always  
With undivided light ;  
Melt into one with a breathless throe,  
And beam as one in the night.  
  
And each forgot in the dream so strange  
How desolately far  
Swept on each path, for who shall change  
The orbit of a star ?  
Yea, all was a dream, and they still must go  
As lonely as they are.

## IX

## ‘ NEVER—EVER

My mouth to thy mouth  
Ah never, ah never !  
My breast from thy breast  
Eternities sever ;  
But my soul to thy soul  
For ever and ever.

## X

## LOVE'S POOR

YEA, love, I know, and I would have it thus,  
I know that not for us  
Is springtide Passion with his fire and flowers,  
I know this love of ours,  
Lives not, nor yet may live,  
By the dear food that lips and hands can give.  
Not, Love, that we in some high dream despise  
The common lover's common Paradise ;  
Ah, God, if Thou and I,  
But one short hour their blessedness might try,  
How could we poor ones teach  
Those happy ones who half forget them rich :  
For if we thus endure,  
'Tis only, love, because we are so poor.

## XI

## COMFORT OF DANTE

DOW where the unconquered river still flows on,  
One strong free thing within a prison's heart,  
I drew me with my sacred grief apart,  
That it might look that spacious joy upon :  
And as I mused, lo! Dante walked with me,  
And his face spake of the high peace of pain

Till all my grief glowed in me throbbingly  
 As in some lily's heart might glow the rain.

So like a star I listened, till mine eye  
 Caught that lone land across the water-way  
 Wherein my lady breathed,—now breathing is—  
 'O Dante,' then I said, 'she more than I  
 Should know thy comfort, go to *her*, I pray'  
 'Nay!' answered he, 'for she hath Beatrice.'

## XII

## A LOST HOUR

God gave us an hour for our tears,  
 One hour out of all the years,  
 For all the years were another's gold,  
 Given in a cruel troth of old.

And how did we spend his boon?  
 That sweet miraculous flower  
 Born to die in an hour,  
 Late born to die so soon.

Did we watch it with breathless breath  
 By slow degrees unfold?  
 Did we taste the innermost heart of it  
 The honey of each sweet part of it?  
 Suck all its hidden gold  
 To the very dregs of its death?

Nay, this is all we did with our hour—  
 We tore it to pieces, that precious flower ;  
 Like any daisy, with listless mirth,  
 We shed its petals upon the earth ;  
 And, children-like, when it all was done,  
 We cried unto God for another one.

## XIII

## MET ONCE MORE

O LADY, I have looked on thee once more,  
 Thou too hast looked on me, as thou hadst said,  
 And though the joy was pain, the pain was bliss,  
 Bliss that more happy lovers well may miss :  
 Captives feast richly on a little bread,  
 So are we very rich who are so poor.

## XIV

## A JUNE LILY

[*The poet dramatises his Lady's loneliness*]

ALONE ! once more alone ! how like a tomb  
 My little parlour sounds which only now  
 Yearned like some holy chancel with his voice.  
 So still ! so empty ! Surely one might fear  
 The walls should meet in ruinous collapse  
 That held no more his music. Yet they stand

Firm in a foolish firmness, meaningless  
As frescoed sepulchre some Pharaoh built  
But never came to sleep in; built, indeed,  
For—that grey moth to flit in like a ghost!

Alone! another feast-day come and gone,  
Watched through the weeks as in my garden there  
I watch a seedling grow from blade to bud  
Impatient for its blossom. So this day  
Has bloomed at last, and we have plucked its flower  
And shared its sweetness, and once more the time  
Is as that stalk from which but now I plucked  
Its last June-lily as a parting sign.  
Yea, but he seemed to love it! yet if he  
But craved it in deceit of tenderness  
To make my heart glow brighter with a lie!  
Will it indeed be cherished as he said,  
Or will he keep it near his book awhile,  
And when grown rank forget it in his glass,  
And leave it for the maid who dusts his room  
To clear away and cast upon the heap?  
Or, may be, will he bury it away  
In some old drawer with other mummy-flowers?

Nay, but I wrong thee, dear one, thinking so,  
My boy, my love, my poet! Nay, I know  
Thy lonely room, tomb-like to thee as mine,  
Tomb-like as tomb of some returning ghost

Seems only bright about my lily-flower.  
And, mayhap, while I wrong thee thus in thought  
Thou bendest o'er it, feigning for some ease  
Of parted ache conceits of poet-wit  
On petal and on stamen—let me try !  
If lilies be alike thine is as this,  
I wonder if thy reading tallies too.

Six petals with a dewdrop in their heart,  
Six pure brave years, an ivory cup of tears ;  
Six pearly-pillared stamens golden-crowned  
Growing from out the dewdrop, and a seventh  
Soaring alone trilobed and mystic green ;  
Six pearl-bright years aflower with gold of joy,  
Sprung from the heart of those brave tear-fed years :  
But what that seventh single stamen is  
My little wit must leave for thee to tell.

But neither poet nor a sibyl thou !  
What brave conceit had he, my poet, built ;  
No jugglery of numbers that mean nought,  
That can mean nought for ever, unto us.

## xv

## REGRET

ONE asked of Regret,  
And I made reply :

## LOVE PLATONIC

To have held the bird,  
 And let it fly ;  
 To have seen the star  
 For a moment nigh,  
 And lost it  
 Through a slothful eye ;  
 To have plucked the flower  
 And cast it by ;  
 To have one only hope—  
 To die.

xvi

## LOVE AFAR

Love, art thou lonely to-day ?  
 Lost love that I never see,  
 Love that, come noon or come night,  
 Comes never to me ;  
 Love that I used to meet  
 In the hidden past, in the land  
 Of forbidden sweet.

Love ! do you never miss  
 The old light in the days ?  
 Does a hand

Come and touch thee at ~~whiles~~  
 Like the wand of old smiles,  
 Like the breath of old bliss,  
 Or hast thou forgot,  
 And is all as if not?

What was it we swore?  
     'Evermore!  
     I and Thou,'  
 Ah, but Fate held the pen  
     And wrote N  
     Just before:  
     So that now,  
 See, it stands,  
 Our seals and our hands,  
     ' I and Thou, .  
     Nevermore !'

We said 'It is best &'  
 And then, dear, I went •  
 And returned not again.  
 Forgive that I stir,  
 Like a breath in thy hair,  
 The old pain,  
 'Twas unmeant.  
 I will strive, I will wrest  
 Iron peace—it is best.



But, O for thy hand  
 Just to hold for a space,  
 For a moment to stand  
 In the light of thy face ;  
 Translate Then to Now,  
 To hear ' Is it 'Thou ? '  
 And reply  
 ' It is I ! '  
 Then, then I could rest,  
 Ah, then I could wait  
 Long and late.

## XVII

CANST thou be true across so many miles,  
 So many days that keep us still apart ?  
 Ah, canst thou live upon remembered smiles,  
 And ask no warmer comfort for thy heart ?

I call thy name right up into the sky,  
 Dear name, O surely she shall hear and hark  
 Nay, though I toss it singing up so high,  
 It drops again, like yon returning lark.

O be a dove, dear name, and find her breast,  
 There croon and croodle all the lonely day ;  
 Go tell her that I love her still the best,  
 So many days, so many miles, away.

## POSTSCRIPT

*So sang young Love in high and holy dream  
Of a white Love that hath no earthly taint,  
So rapt within his vision he did seem  
Less like a boyish singer than a saint.*

*Ah, Boy, it is a dream for life too high,  
It is a bird that hath no feet for earth :  
Strange wings, strange eyes, go seek another sky  
And find thy fellows of an equal birth.*

*For many a body-sweet material thing,  
What canst thou give us half so dear as these ?  
We would not soar amid the stars to sing,  
Warm and content amid the nested trees.*

*Young Seraph, go and take thy song to heaven,  
We would not grow unhappy with our lot,  
Leave us the simple love the earth hath given—  
Sing where thou wilt, so that we hear thee not.*



**COR CORDIUM**



## TO MY WIFE, MILDRED

*Dear wife, there is no word in all my songs  
But unto thee belongs :*

*Though I indeed before our true day came  
Mistook thy star in many a wandering flame,  
Singing to thee in many a fair disguise,  
Calling to thee in many another's name,  
Before I knew thine everlasting eyes.*

*Faces that fled me like a hunted fawn  
I followed singing, deeming it was Thou,  
Seeking this face that on our pillow now  
Glimmers behind thy golden hair like dawn,  
And, like a setting moon, within my breast  
Sinks down each night to rest.*

•  
•  
*• Moon follows moon before the great moon flowers,  
Moon of the wild wild honey that is ours ;  
Long must the tree strive up in leaf and root,  
Before it bear the golden-hearted fruit :  
And shall great Love at once perfected spring,  
Nor grow by steps like any other thing ?*

*The lawless love that would not be denied,  
The love that waited, and in waiting died,  
The love, that met and mated, satisfied.*

*Ah, love, 'twas good to climb forbidden walls,  
Who would not follow where his Juliet calls ?  
'Twas good to try and love the angel's way,  
With starry souls untainted of the clay ;  
But, best the love where earth and heaven meet,  
The god made flesh and dwelling in us, sweet.*

(October 22, 1891 ) .

• THE DESTINED MAID : A PRAYER

•  
(*Chant Royal*)  
•

O MIGHTY Queen, our Lady of the fire,  
The light, the music, and the honey, all  
Blent in one Power, one passionate Desire  
Man calleth Love—'Sweet love,' the blessed  
call—:

I come a sad-eyed suppliant to thy knee,  
If thou hast pity, pity grant to me ;  
If thou hast bounty, here a heart I bring  
For all that bounty 'thirst and hungering.

O Lady, save thy grace, there is no way  
For me, I know, but lonely sorrowing—  
Send me a maiden meet for love I pray !

I lay in darkness, face down in the mire,  
And prayed that darkness might become my  
pall ;  
The rabble rout roared round me like some quire  
Of filthy animals primordial ;



My heart seemed like a toad eternally  
Prisoned in stone, ugly and sad as he ;  
Sweet sunlight seemed a dream, a mythic thing,  
And life some beldam's dotard gossiping.  
Then, Lady, I bethought me of thy sway,  
And hoped again, rose up this prayer to wing—  
Send me a maiden meet for love, I pray !

Lady, I bear no high resounding lyre  
To hymn thy glory, and thy foes appal  
With thunderous splendour of my rhythmic ire ;  
A little lute I lightly touch and small  
My skill thereon : yet, Lady, if it be  
I ever woke ear-winning melody,  
'Twas for thy praise I sought the throbbing string,  
Thy praise alone—for all my worshipping  
Is at thy shrine, thou knowest, day by day,  
Then shall it be in vain my plaint to sing ? —  
Send me a maiden meet for love, I pray !

Yea ! why of all men should this sorrow dire  
Unto thy servant bitterly befall ?  
For, Lady, thou dost know I ne'er did tire  
Of thy sweet sacraments and ritual ;  
In morning meadows I have knelt to thee,  
In noontide woodlands hearkened hushedly  
Thy heart's warm beat in sacred slumbering,

And in the spaces of the night heard ring  
Thy voice in answer to the spherulay :  
Now 'neath thy throne my suppliant life I fling—  
Send me a maiden meet for love, I pray !

I ask no maid for all men to admire,  
Mere body's beauty hath in me no thrall,  
And noble birth, and sumptuous attire,  
Arc gauds I crave not—yet shall have withal,  
With a sweet difference, in my heart's own She,  
Whom words speak not but eyes know when they  
see.

Beauty beyond all glass's mirroring,  
And dream and glory hers for garmenting ;  
Her birth—O Lady, wilt thou say me nay ?—  
Of thine own womb, of thine own nurturing—  
Send me a maiden meet for love, I pray !

## ENVOI

SWEET Queen who sittest at the heart of spring,  
My life is thine, barren or blossoming ;  
'Tis thine to flush it gold or leave it grey :  
And so unto thy garment's hem I cling—  
Send me a maiden meet for love, I pray !

(January 13, 1888.)

## WITH SOME OLD LOVE VERSES

DEAR Heart, this is my book of boyish song,  
The changing story of the wandering quest  
That found at last its ending in thy breast—  
The love it sought and sang astray so long  
With wild young heart and happy eager tongue.  
Much meant it all to me to seek and sing,  
Ah, Love, but how much more to-day to bring  
This 'rhyme that first of all he made when young.'

Take it and love it, 'tis the prophecy  
For whose poor silver thou hast given me gold ;  
Yea ! those old faces for an hour seemed fair  
Only 'because some hints of Thee they were :  
Judge then, if I so loved weak types of old,  
How good, dear Heart, the perfect gift of Thee.

IN A COPY OF MR. SWINBURNE'S  
*TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE*

DEAR Heart, what thing may symbolise for us  
A love like ours, what gift, whate'er it be,  
Hold more significance 'twixt thee and me  
Than paltry words a truth miraculous ;  
Or the poor signs that in Astronomy  
Tell giant splendours in their gleaming might :  
Yet love would still give such, as in delight  
To mock their impotence—so this for thee.

This song for thee ! our sweetest honeycomb  
Of lovesome thought and passion-hearted rhyme,  
Builted of gold and kisses and desire,  
By that wild poet who so many a time  
Our hungering lips have blessed, until a fire  
Burnt speech up and the wordless hour had come.

## COMFORT AT PARTING

O LITTLE Heart,  
So much I see  
Thy hidden smart,  
So much I long  
To sing some song  
To comfort thee.

For, little Heart,  
Indeed, indeed,  
The hour to part  
Makes cruel speed ;  
Yet, dear, think thou  
How even now,  
With happy haste,  
With eager feet,  
The hour when we  
Again shall meet  
Cometh across the waste.

HAPPY LETTER  
•

FLY, little note,  
And know no rest  
Till warm you lie  
Within that nest  
Which is her breast ;  
Though why to thee  
Such joy should be  
Who carest not,  
While I must wait  
Here desolate,  
I cannot wot.  
O what I'd do •  
To come with you ! •

## PRIMROSE AND VIOLET

PRIMROSE and Violet—

May they help thee to forget  
All that love should not remember,  
Sweet as meadows after rain  
When the sun has come again,  
As woods awakened from December.  
How they wash the soul from stain !  
How they set the spirit free !  
Take them dear, and pray for me.

## 'JULIET AND HER ROMEO'

*(With Mr. Dicksee's Picture)*

TAKE 'this of Juliet and her Romeo,'

Dear Heart of mine, for though yon budding sky  
Yearns o'er Verona, and so long ago

That kiss was kissed ; yet surely Thou and I,  
Surely it is, whom morning tears apart,

As ruthless men tear tendrilled ivy down :

Is not Verona warm within thy gown,  
And Mantua all the world save where thou art ?

O happy grace of lovers of old time,

Living to love like gods, and dead to live

Symbols and saints for us who follow them ;

Even bitter Death must sweets to lovers give :

See how they wear their tears for diadem,  
Throned on the star of an unshaken rhyme.



## IN HER DIARY

Go, little book, and be the looking-glass  
Of her dear soul,  
The mirror of her moments as they pass,  
Keeping the whole ;  
Wherein she still may look on yesterday  
To-day to cheer,  
And towards 'To-morrow' pass upon her way  
Without a fear.  
For yesterday hath never won a crown,  
However fair,  
But that To-day a better for its own  
Might win and wear ;  
And yesterday hath never joyed a joy,  
However sweet,  
That this To-day or that To-morrow too  
May not repeat.  
Think too, To-day is trustee for to-morrow,  
And present pain  
That's bravely borne shall ease the future sorrow ;  
Nor cry in vain  
' Spare us To-day, To-morrow bring the rod,'  
For then again  
To-morrow from To-morrow still shall borrow,  
A little ease to gain :  
But bear to-day whate'er To-day may bring,  
'Tis the one way to make To-morrow sing.

## PARABLES

DEAR Love, you ask if I be true,  
If other women move  
The heart that only beats for you  
With pulses all of love.

Out in the chilly dew one morn  
I plucked a wild sweet rose,  
A little silver bud new-born  
And longing to uncloze.

I took it, loving new-born things,  
I knew my heart was warm,  
'O little silver rose, come in  
And shelter from the storm.'

And soon, against my body pressed,  
I felt its petals part, •  
And, looking down within my breast,  
I saw its golden heart.

O such a golden heart it has,  
Your eyes may never see,  
To others it is always shut,  
It opens but for me.

But that is why you see me pass  
The honeysuckle there,  
And leave the lilies in the grass,  
Although they be so fair ;

Why the strange orchid half-accurst—  
Circe of flowers she grows—  
Can tempt me not : see ! in my heart,  
Silver and gold, my rose.

## II

DEEP in a hidden lane we were,  
My little love and I ;  
When lo ! as we stood kissing there—  
A flower against the sky !

Frail as a tear its beauty hung—  
O spare it, little hand.  
But innocence like its, alas !  
Desire may not withstand.

And so I clambered up the bank  
And threw the blossom down,  
But we were sadder for its sake  
As we walked back to town.

## A LOVE-LETTER

DARLING little woman, just a little line,  
Just a little silver word  
For that dear gold of thine,  
Only a whisper you have so often heard :

Only such a whisper as hidden in a shell  
Holds a little breath of all the mighty sea,  
But think what a little of all its depth and swell,  
And think what a little is this little note of me.

•

‘ Darling, I love thee, that is all I live for ’—  
There is the whisper stealing from the shell,  
But here is the ocean, O so deep and boundless,  
And each little wave with its whisper as well.

•

## IN THE NIGHT

‘ Kiss me, dear Love !’—

But there was none to hear,  
Only the darkness round about my bed  
And hollow silence, for thy face had fled,  
Though in my dreaming it had come so near.

I slept again and it came back to me,  
Burning within the hollow arch of night  
Like some fair flame of sacrificial light,  
And all my soul sprang up to mix with thee—  
‘ Kiss me, my love !  
Ah, Love, thy face how fair !’  
So did I cry, but still thou wert not there.

## THE CONSTANT LOVER

I SEE fair women all the day,  
They pass and pass—and go ;  
I almost dream that they are shades  
Within a shadow-show.

Their beauty lays no hand on me,  
They talk—I hear no word ;  
I ask my eyes if they have seen,  
My ears if they have heard.

For why—within the north countree  
A little maid, I know,  
Is waiting through the days for me,  
Drear days so long and slow.

## THE WONDER-CHILD

‘Our little babe,’ each said, ‘shall be  
Like unto thee’—‘Like unto *thee*!’

‘Her mother’s’—‘Nay, his father’s’—‘eyes,’  
‘Dear curls like thine’—but each replies,  
‘As thine, all thine, and nought of me.’

What sweet solemnity to see  
The little life upon thy knee,  
And whisper as so soft it lies,—  
‘Our little babe!’

For, whether it be he or she,  
A David or a Dorothy,  
‘As mother fair,’ or ‘father wise,’  
Both when it’s ‘good,’ and when it cries,  
One thing is certain,—it will be  
Our little babe.

# MISCELLANEOUS





## AN EPITHALAMIUM

SOMEWHERE safe-hidden away  
In a meadow of mortals untrod,  
I saw in my dreaming to-day  
A wonderful flower of God ;  
Somewhere deep buried in air,  
In a flashing abyss afar,  
I came in my dreaming aware  
Of the beam of a mystical star :  
And I knew that each wonderful thing  
Was the song that I never may sing.

Song of a love such as rang  
Through the strings of the lyres of old,  
Such song as the makers sang  
When the world was all morning and gold ;  
Too great for a silken time  
Fain of luteists and liars-at-ease,  
Builders of honeycomb rhyme,  
Soft slaves of an opiate peace—  
Such lovers were strange for these years,  
Too mean for the greatness of tears.

Yet, might I but stretch forth my hand  
And gather that wonderful bloom,  
Might I pluck and set over our land  
That star as a sign in the doom :  
Then never a story of old  
Were more as a rainbow in heaven,  
Were more as a water outrolled  
From a rock in the wilderness even,  
Were more as a sheltering tree  
Than this story of Her and of Thee.

O where might we look for a song,  
We lovers who faint in the way,  
In a way ne'er so bitter and long  
As the thorns and the miles of your day  
We lovers who drown in the stress  
Of a sea that had made you but strong,  
In the hour of our weariness,  
O where might we look for a song  
Such comfort and courage to bring  
As your song which I never may sing.

But vain is the breath of desire,  
And the voice of complaining is weak  
To call back the soul to the lyre  
And give us the singer we seek ;  
High song must await the High Singer

Though we thirst through a desert of years,  
And the lyre must await its Apollo,

Though it grow all arust with our tears.  
Let thy voice then no longer complain,  
Thou mouth that may never attain !

So I, who were fain of your story

To be its high-priest to the throng,  
To embody its mystical glory

In a great eucharistical song,  
May know all the strength and the healing  
Of its bread and its wonderful wine,  
But none other may know the revealing  
Through unsanctified singing of mine ;  
Never another of me shall take  
Its wine of my chalice, its bread that I break.

Yet still may it be for my glory,

Though never the priesthood to bear,  
To bend in the shrine of your story,

As the lowliest acolyte there ;  
And would that the rhyme I am bringing,  
A censer incuriously wrought,  
Might seem not too poor for the swinging,  
Nor too simple the gums I have brought :  
No marvel of gold-carven censer,  
No frankincense fragrance or myrrh.

And O if some light from the splendour  
Of mystical Host might strike through  
These wreaths as they rise and transfigure  
Their grey to a glory for you,  
A glory for you as the sunrise  
Of the years that to night have begun,  
What singer would ask for his songcraft  
Boon richer than that I had won ?  
What token to augur were given  
More bright with the blessing of Heaven !

And O that these faint-breathing spices  
Might seem for a moment as sweet  
As the hearts of those roses of Isis  
To blossom at last as you meet,  
Great flowers of a far-away sowing  
Of seeds that long bided the years,  
In a horror of darkness safe-growing,  
Fed of ashes and suckled of tears ;  
Or sweet as the breath of the dawn-light  
Soft flushing the fields of your love-night.

O love-night too sacred for bride-song,  
For nuptial rabble and rite,  
The eyes and the tongues of a guest-throng,  
What have they to do with your night ?

Your night of the Star in the Silence,  
 The Rose in a trance of hushed breath,  
 Of God in a chariot of incense,  
 And the transfiguration of Death ;  
 Blest guide on the travel eternal  
 From love unto love, ever-vernal.

Do the stars crave a priest for their wedding,  
 Or the flowers of the woodland way ?  
 And shall man need a priestly bestedding,  
 Doth he marry less sweetly than they ?  
 Yea, the cattle miscallèd our men-folk,  
 Rank waves of a wallowing sea,  
 May need such a ring and a neck yoke,  
 But never such lovers as ye !  
 Splendid as stars in their shining,  
 Fragrant as blossoms entwining.

But, censer, have done with thy swinging,  
 With incense that groweth so pale,  
 And, song, make an end of thy singing  
 • With voice that beginneth to fail ;  
 No glory of sunrise is in thee,  
 No fragrance as breath of the day,  
 But a hand-grasp of loving you may be,  
 A kiss on the forehead—O may  
 You come as a whisper of blessing  
 In some pause of a happy caressing.

## THE HOUSE OF VENUS

Nor that Queen Venus of adulterous fame,  
Whose love was lust's insatiable flame—  
Not hers the house I would be singer in  
Whose loose-lipped servants seek a weary sin :  
But mine the Venus of that morning flood  
With all the dawn's young passion in her blood,  
With great blue eyes and unpressed bosom sweet.  
Her would I sing, and of the shy retreat  
Where Love first kissed her wondering maidenhood,  
And He and She first stood, with eyes afraid,  
In the most golden House that God has made.

## SATIETY

THE heart of the rose—how sweet  
Its fragrance to drain,  
Till the greedy brain  
Reels and grows faint  
With the garnered scent,  
Reels as a dream on its silver feet.

Sweet thus to drain—then to sleep  
For, beware how you stay  
Till the joy pass away,  
And the jaded brain  
Secketh fragrance in vain,  
And hates what it may not reap.



## , HESPERIDES

DEAR little Heart,  
May I whisper a prayer  
For a boon ere we part,  
For a kiss— may I dare  
' Say—say—where ?

"Tis a valley, dear Heart,  
With two hills soft as snow,  
'Tis a garden where one,  
Only one, dear, may go,  
A garden where wonderful  
Gold apples grow.

And the shade of the hills  
Is an infinite rest,  
And a mouth to those apples  
' May ever be pressed,  
Yet their honey live on : for,  
They grow—in thy Breast.

Dear flower that standest  
Sweet sentinel there,  
May I come  
To my home ?

Understandest ?

My *home*,

Flower ;

*Our*

Home !

May I dare ?

O Love ! love ! I fear,

For the air is too sweet—

Softly, love—O my dear—

Yea, too sweet

On a sudden to meet

Mortal mouth !

O my sweet ! O my sweet !

The long drouth !

And at last, dear,

O think—

The long drink !

## WHAT OF THE DARKNESS?

WHAT of the Darkness? Is it very fair?  
 Are there great calms and find ye silence there?  
 Like soft-shut lilies all your faces glow  
 With some strange peace our faces never know,  
 With some great faith our faces never dare.  
 Dwells it in Darkness? Do ye find it there?

Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie?  
 Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry?  
 Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap?  
 Is it a Voice that holds the runes of sleep?  
 Day shows us not such comfort anywhere.  
 Dwells it in darkness? Do ye find it there?

Out of the Day's deceiving light we call,  
 Day that shows man so great and God so small,  
 That hides the stars and magnifies the grass;  
 O is the Darkness too a lying glass,  
 Or, undistracted, do ye find truth there?  
 What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?

## AD CIMMERIOS

*(A Prefatory Sonnet for SANTA LUCIA, the Misses Hodgkin's Magazine for the Blind)*

WE, deeming day-light fair, and loving well  
Its forms and dyes, and all the motley play  
Of lives that win their colour from the day,  
Are fain some wonder of it all to tell  
To you that in that elder kingdom dwell  
Of Ancient Night, and thus we make assay  
Day to translate to Darkness, so to say,  
To talk Cimmerian for a little spell.

Yet, as we write, may we not doubt lest ye  
Should smile on us, as once our fathers smiled,  
When we made 'vaunt of joys they knew no  
more ;  
Knowing great dreams young eyes can never see,  
Dwelling in peace unguessed of any child—  
Will ye smile thus upon our daylight lore ?

## OLD LOVE-LETTERS

You ask and I send. It is well, yea ! best :

A lily hangs dead on its stalk, ah me !

A dream hangs dead on a life it blest.

Shall it flaunt its death where sad eyes may see

In the cold dank wind of our memory ?

Shall we watch it rot like an empty nest ?

Nay, send the poor ghost to Mnemosyne,

Bury these shreds and behold it shall rest.

And shall life fail if one dream be sped ?

For loss of one bloom shall the lily pass ?

Nay, bury these deep round the roots, for so

In soil of old dreams do the new dreams grow,

New ' Hail ' is begot of the old ' Alas.'

See, here are our letters, so sweet—so dead. •

## AN OLD MAN'S SONG

YE are young, ye are young,  
I am old, I am old ;  
And the song has been sung  
And the story been told.  
Your locks are as brown •  
As the mavis in May,  
Your hearts are as warm  
As the sunshine to-day,  
But mine white and cold  
As the snow on the brae.

And Love, like a flower,  
Is growing for you,  
Hands clasping, lips meeting  
Hearts beating so true ;  
While Fame like a star •  
In the midnight afar  
Is flashing for you.

For you the 'To-come,  
But for me the Gone-by,  
You are panting to live,  
I am waiting to die ;

The meadow is empty,  
No flower groweth high,  
And nought but a socket  
The face of the sky.

Yea, howso we dream,  
Or how bravely we do,  
The end is the same,  
Be we traitor or true  
And after the bloom  
And the passion is past,  
Death cometh at last

## DEATH IN A LONDON LODGING

‘ Yes, Sir, she ’s gone at last—’twas only five minutes ago

We heard her sigh from her corner,—she sat in the kitchen, you know :

We were all just busy on breakfast, John cleaning the boots, and I

Had just gone into the larder—but you could have heard that sigh

Right up in the garret, Sir, for it seemed to pass one by

Like a puff of wind—may be ’twas her soul, who knows—

And we all looked up and ran to her—just in time to see her head

Was sinking down on her bosom and “ she ’s gone at last,” I said.’

So Mrs. Pownceby, meeting on the stairs  
Her second-floor lodger, me, bound citywards,  
Told of her sister’s death, doing her best  
To match her face’s colour with the news :  
While I in listening made a running gloss  
Beneath her speech of all she left unsaid.  
As—‘ in the kitchen,’ *rather in the way,*



*Poor thing ; ' busy on breakfast,' awkward time,  
 Indeed, for one must live and lodgers' meals,  
 You know, must be attended to what comes—  
 (Or goes, I added for her) yes ! indeed.  
 " She's gone at last," I said, ' and better perhaps,  
 For what had life for her but suffering ?  
 And then, we're only poor, sir, John and I,  
 And she indeed was somewhat of a strain :  
 O ! yes, it's for the best for all of us.  
 And still beneath all else methought I read  
 What will the lodgers think, having the dead  
 Within the house ! how inconvenient !'*

What did the lodgers think ? Well, I replied  
 In grief's set phrase, but ' the first floor,'  
 I fancy, frowned at first, as though indeed  
 Landladies' sisters had no right to die  
 And taint the air for nervous lodger folk ;  
 Then smoothed his brow out into decency,  
 And said, ' how sad !' and presently inquired  
 The day of burial, ending with the hope  
 His lunch would not be late like yesterday.  
 The maiden-lady living near the roof  
 Quoted Isaiah may be, or perhaps Job—  
 How the Lord gives, and likewise takes away,  
 And how exceeding blessed is the Lord !—  
 For she has pious features ; while downstairs

'Two 'medicals'—both 'decent' lads enough—  
Hearkened the story out like gentlemen,  
And said the right thing—almost looked it too !  
Though all the while within them laughed a sea  
Of student mirth, which for full half an hour  
They stifled well, but then could hold no more,  
As soon their mad piano testified :  
While in the kitchen dinner was toward  
With hiss and bubble from the cooking stove,  
And now a laugh from John ran up the stairs,  
And a voice called aloud—of boiling pans.

'So soon,' reflected I, 'the waters of life  
Close o'er the sunken head !' Reflected I,  
Not that in truth I was more pitiful  
To the poor dead than those about me were,  
Nay, but a trick of thinking much on Life  
And Death i' the piece giveth each little strand  
More deep significance—love for the whole  
Must make us tender for the parts, methinks,  
As in some souls the equal law holds true,  
Sorrow for one makes sorrow for the world.  
A fallen leaf or a dead flower indeed  
Has made me just as sad, or some poor bee  
Dead in the early summer—what's the odds ?  
Death was at '48,' and yet what sign ?  
Who seemed to know ? who could have known that  
called ?

For nót a blind was lower than its wont—  
'The lodgers would not like them down,' you know—  
And in all rooms, save one, the boisterous life  
Blazed like the fires within the several grates—  
Save one where lay the poor dead silent thing,  
A closet chill as who hath sat at night  
With love beside the ingle knows the ashes  
In the morning.

c

Death was at '48,'

Yet Life and Love and Sunlight were there too.  
I ate and slept, and morning came at length,  
And brought my Lady's letter to my bed :  
Thrice read and thirty kisses, came a thought,  
As the sweet morning laughed about the room,  
Of the poor face downstairs, the sunshine there  
Playing about it like a wakeful child  
Whose weary mother sleepeth in the dawn,  
Pressing soft fingers round about the eyes  
To make them open, then with laughing shout  
Making a gambol all her body's length.  
Ah me ! poor eyes that never open more !  
And mine as blithe to meet the morning's glance  
As thirsty lips to close on thirsty lips !  
Poor limbs no sun could ever warm again !  
And mine so eager for the coming day !

## TIME FLIES

ON drives the road—another mile ! and still  
Time's horses gallop down the lessening hill  
O why such haste, with nothing at the end !  
Fain are we all, grim driver, to descend  
And stretch with lingering feet the little way  
That yet is ours—O stop thy horses, pray !

Yet, sister dear, if we indeed had grace  
To win from Time one lasting halting-place,  
Which out of all life's valleys would we choose,  
And, choosing—which with willingness would lose ?  
Would we as children be content to stay,  
Because the children are as birds all day ;

Or would we still as youngling lovers kiss,  
Fearing the ardours of the greater bliss ?  
The maid be still a maid and never know  
Why mothers love their little blossoms so,  
Or can the mother be content her bud  
Shall never open out of babyhood ?

Ah yes, Time flies because we fain would fly,  
It is such ardent souls as you and I,  
Greedy of living, give his wings to him—  
And now we grumble that he uses them !

## SO SOON TIRED !

Am I so soon grown tired?—yet this old sky  
Can open still each morn so blue an eye,  
This great old river still through nights and days  
Run like a happy boy to holidays,  
This sun be still a bridegroom, though long  
wed,  
And still those stars go singing up the night,  
Glad as yon lark there splashing in the light :  
Are these old things indeed unwearied,  
Yet I, so soon grown tired, would creep away to  
bed ! \*

## AUTUMN

THE year grows still again, the surging wake  
Of full-sailed summer folds its furrows up,  
As after passing of an argosy  
Old Silence settles back upon the sea,  
And ocean grows as placid as a cup.  
Spring, the young morn, and Summer, the  
strong noon,  
Have dreamed and done and died for Autumn's  
sake.

Autumn that finds not for a loss so dear  
Solace in stack and garner hers too soon—  
Autumn, the faithful widow of the year.

Autumn, a poet once so full of song,  
Wise in all rhymes of blossom and of bud,  
Hath lost the early magic of his tongue,  
And hath no passion in his failing blood.  
Hear ye no sound of sobbing in the air?  
'Tis his. Low bending in a secret lane,  
Late blooms of second childhood in his hair,  
He tries old magic, like a dotard mage;  
Tries spell and spell, to weep and try again:  
Yet not a daisy hears, and everywhere  
The hedgerow rattles like an empty cage.

He hath no pleasure in his silken skies,  
Nor delicate ardours of the yellow land ;  
Yea, dead, for all its gold, the woodland lies,  
And all the throats of music filled with sand.  
Neither to him across the stubble field  
May stack nor garner any comfort bring,  
Who loveth more this jasmine he hath made,  
The little tender rhyme he yet can sing,  
Than yesterday, with all its pompous yield,  
Or all its shaken laurels on his head.

A FROST FANCY

SUMMER gone,  
 Winter here ,  
 Ways are white,  
 Skies are clear  
 And the sun  
 A ruddy boy  
 All day sliding,  
 While at night  
 The stars appear  
 Like skaters gliding  
 On a mere.



## ‘THE WORLD IS WIDE

THE world is wide—around yon court,  
Where dirty little children play,  
Another world of street on street  
Grows wide and wider every day.

And round the town for endless miles  
A great strange land of green is spread—  
O wide the world, O weary-wide,  
But it is wider overhead.

For could you mount yon glittering stairs  
And on their topmost turret stand,—  
Still endless shining courts and squares,  
And lanes of lamps on every hand.

And, might you tread those starry streets  
To where those long perspectives bend,  
O you would cast you down and die—  
Street upon street, world without end.

## SAINT CHARLES !

“Saint Charles,” said Thackeray to me, thirty years ago, putting one of Charles Lamb’s letters to his forehead.—LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD.

SAINT CHARLES ! ah yes, let other men  
Love Elia for his antic pen,  
And watch with dilettante eyes  
His page for every quaint surprise,  
Curious of *caviare* phrase.  
Yea ; these who will not also praise ?  
We surely must, but which is more  
The motley that his sorrow wore,  
Or the great heart whose valorous beat  
Upheld his brave unfaltering feet  
Along the narrow path he chose,  
And followed faithful to the close ? \*

Yea, Elia, thank thee for thy wit,  
How poor our laughter, lacking it !  
For all thy gillyflowers of speech  
Gramercy, Elia ; but most rich  
Are we, most holpen, when we meet  
Thee and thy Bridget in the street,  
Upon that fearful errand set—  
So often trod, so patient yet !

## GOOD-NIGHT

(AFTER THE NORWEGIAN OF ROSENCRANTZ JOHNSEN)

MIDNIGHT, and through the blind the moonlight  
stealing

On silver feet across the sleeping room,  
Ah, moonlight, what is this thou art revealing—  
Her breast, a great sweet lily in the gloom.

It is their bed, white little isle of bliss

In the dark wilderness of midnight sea,—  
Hush! 'tis their hearts still beating from the kiss,  
The warm dark kiss that only night may see.

Their cheeks still burn, they close and nestle yet,  
Ere, with faint breath, they falter out good-night,  
Her hand in his upon the coverlet  
Lies in the silver pathway of the light.

(LILLEHAMMER, August 22, 1892.)

## NEÆRA'S HAIR

LET me take thy hair down, sweetheart,  
    loosen little pin by pin,  
Let me feel it tumbling o'er me  
    drinking all its fragrance in,  
Let me wrap thee all within it,  
    kiss thee through its golden thread,-  
O I shall go mad with kissing, •  
    kissing, kissing thy dear head.

Let me walk within this garden,  
    I can smell the roses there,  
They are even sweeter, darling,  
    than the violets of thy hair,  
Just one butterfly sweet minute,  
    one deep kiss, and then away—  
Unless, sweetheart, you would rather,  
    rather, dear, that I should stay.

O thy body, sweet sweet body, •  
• let me drink and drink and drink !  
Canst thou let me, like the minstrel,  
    die upon the fountain's brink ?  
Love, O Love, what *art* Thou ? tell me :  
    is this heaven, hell, or where ?  
All I know is that I kiss thee,  
    lying in thy yellow hair.

## BEATRICE

(FOR THE BEATRICE CELEBRATION, 1890)

NINE mystic revolutions of the spheres  
Since Dante's birth, and lo ! a star new-born  
Shining in heaven : and like a lark at morn  
Springing to meet it, straight in all men's ears,  
A strange new song, which through the listening years  
Grew deep as lonely sobbing from the thorn  
Rising at eve, shot through with bitter scorn,  
Full-throated with the ecstasy of tears.

Long since that star arose, that song unprang,  
That shine and sing in heaven above us yet ;  
Since thy white childhood, glorious Beatrice,  
Dawned like a blessed angel upon his :  
Thy star it was that did his song beget,  
Star shining for us still because he sang.

# A CHILD'S EVENSONG

THE sun is weary, for he ran  
 So far and fast to-day ;  
 The birds are weary, for who sang  
 So many songs as they ?  
 The bees and butterflies at last  
 Are tired out, for just think too  
 How many gardens, through the day  
 Their little wings have fluttered through.  
 And so, as all tired people do,  
 They've gone to lay their sleepy heads  
 Deep deep in warm and happy beds.  
 The sun has shut his golden eye  
 And gone to sleep beneath the sky,  
 The birds and butterflies and bees  
 Have all crept into flowers and trees,  
 And all lie quiet, still as mice,  
 Till morning comes—like father's voice.

So Geoffrey, Owen, Phyllis, you  
 Must sleep away till morning too.  
 Close little eyes, down little heads,  
 And sleep—sleep—sleep in happy beds.

## AN EPITAPH ON A GOLDFISH

(WITH APOLOGIES TO ARIEL)

Five inches deep Sir Goldfish lies,  
Here last September was he laid,  
Poppies these that were his eyes,  
Of fish-bones were these bluebells made.  
His fins of gold that to and fro  
Waved and waved so long ago,  
Still as petals wave and wave  
To and fro above his grave.  
Hearken too ! for so his knell,  
Tolls all day each tiny bell.

## BEAUTY ACCURST ,

I AM so fair that wheresoe'er I wend

Men yearn with strange desire to kiss my face,  
Stretch out their hands to touch me as I pass,  
And women follow me from place to place.

A poet writing honey of his dear

Leaves the wet page,—ah ! leaves it long to dry.  
The bride forgets it is her marriage-morn,  
The bridegroom too forgets as I go by.

Within the street where my strange feet shall stray

All markets hush and traffickers forget,  
In my gold head forget their meaner gold,  
The poor man grows unmindful of his debt.

Two lovers kissing in a secret place,

Should I draw nigh,—will never kiss again ;  
I come between the king and his desire,  
And where I am all loving else is vain.

Lo ! when I walk along the woodland way

Strange creatures leer at me with uncouth love,  
And from the grass reach upward to my breast,  
And to my mouth lean from the boughs above.



The sleepy kine move round me in desire  
And press their oozy lips upon my hair,  
Toads kiss my feet and creatures of the mire,  
The snail will leave their shells to watch me  
there.

But all this worship, what is it to me ?  
I smite the ox and crush the toad in death :  
I only know I am so very fair,  
And that the world was made to give me breath.

I only wait the hour when God shall rise  
Up from the star where he so long hath sat,  
And bow before the wonder of my eyes  
And set *me* there—I am so fair as that.

## A MAID IN THE MEADOW

DEW in the meadow and flowers fair,  
And happy songs on the morning air,  
Like silver flutes the blackbirds call,  
But a maid in the meadow is best of all.

‘O maid, O maid, it was you they meant  
With their dewy song, and shine and scent,  
It was you I know that I went to meet,  
But, ah! the dream was not half so sweet.’

*O blackbird bold!*

*O blackbird old!*

*Shrill was your whistle of warning,*

*So many a maid*

*Have you seen betrayed*

*By men in the meadows at morning.*

But your voice was too sweet to warn, brave bird,  
It was only the music the maiden heard,  
It was only your song that filled her head,  
Your song and the words that the gallant said.

He had a dainty body fair

That maiden’s eyes must follow after,

And O he had such bonny hair

And such a merry laughter.

She had a body like a rose,  
 Her eyes were like the dew there,  
 Her breast a garden under snows—  
 Ah! how the violets grew there!

O life is sweet, but nought so sweet  
 As this in morning weather,  
 A man and maid with mouths that meet  
 And hearts that beat together.

O life is sad, but nought so sad  
 As when the sun is setting  
 That one forgets the joy they had,  
 And one has no forgetting.

## II

Frost on the meadow, no flowers fair,  
 No song, no light, no maiden there,  
 But look for her down in the village street—  
 'Tis she, I know, that they go to meet,  
 'Tis she, I know, that they walk before,  
 For she walks in the meadows nevermore.

*O nightingale!*  
*O nightingale!*  
*What is the use of weeping!*  
*So many a maid*  
*Have you seen laid*  
*Down there where she is sleeping.*

TO A DEAD FRIEND<sup>o</sup>

AND is it true indeed, and must you go,  
Set out alone across that moorland track,  
No love avail, though we have loved you so,  
No voice have any power to call you back ?  
And losing hands stretch after you in vain,  
And all our eyes grow empty for your lack,  
Nor hands, nor eyes, know aught of you again

Dear friend, I shed no tear while yet you stayed,  
Nor vexed your soul with unavailing word,  
But you are gone, and now can all be said,  
And tear and sigh too surely fall unheard.  
So long I kept for you an undimmed eye,  
Surely for grief this hour may well be spared,  
Though could you know I still must keep it dry.

For what can tears avail you ? the spring rain  
That softly pelts the lattice, as with flowers,  
Will of its tears a daisied counterpane  
Weave for your rest, and all its sound of showers  
Make of its sobbing low a cradle song :  
All tears avail but these salt tears of ours,  
These tears alone 'tis idle to prolong.

Yet must we shed them, barren though they be,  
Though bloom nor burden answer as they flow,  
Though no sun shines that our sad eyes can see  
To throw across their fall hope's radiant bow.  
Poor selfish tears! we weep them not for him,  
'Tis our own sorrow that we pity so,  
'Tis our own loss that leaves our eyes so dim.

## SUNSET IN THE CITY

ABOVE the town a monstrous wheel is turning,  
With glowing spokes of red,  
Low in the west its fiery axle burning ;  
And, lost amid the spaces overhead,  
A vague white moth, the moon, is fluttering.

Above the town an azure sea is flowing,  
'Mid long peninsulas of shining sand,  
From opal unto pearl the moon is growing,  
Dropped like a shell upon the changing strand.

Within the town the streets grow strange and  
haunted,  
And, dark against the western lakes of green,  
The buildings change to temples, and unwonted  
Shadows and sounds creep in where day has been.

Within the town, the lamps of sin are flaring,  
Poor foolish men that know not what ye are !  
Tired traffic still upon his feet is faring—  
Two lovers meet and kiss and watch a star.

## THE CITY IN MOONLIGHT

DEAR city in the moonlight dreaming,  
How changed and lovely is your face ;  
Where is the sordid busy scheming  
That filled all day the market-place ?

Was it but fancy that a rabble  
Of money-changers bought and sold,  
Filling with sacrilegious babble  
This temple-court of solemn gold ?

Ah no, poor captive-slave of Cræsus,  
His bond-maid all the toiling day,  
You, like some hunted child of Jesus,  
Steal out beneath the moon to pray.

**OF POETS AND POETRY**



To James Ashcroft Noble,  
Poet and Critic, a small acknowledgment of much  
unforgotten kindness

## INSCRIPTIONS

POET, a truce to your song !  
Have you heard the heart sing ?  
Like a brook among trees,  
Like the humming of bees,  
Like the ripple of wine :  
Had you heard, would you stay  
Blowing bubbles so long ?  
You have ears for the spheres—  
Have you heard the heart sing ?

HAVE you loved the good books of the world,—  
And written none ?  
Have you loved the great poet,—  
And burnt your little rhyme ?  
'O be my friend, and teach me to be thine.'

— — — — —  
By many hands the work of God is done,  
Swart toil, pale thought, flushed dream, he  
spurneth none :  
Yea ! and the weaver of a little rhyme  
Is seen his worker in his own full time.

## THE DÉCADENT TO HIS SOUL

THE Décadent was speaking to his soul—  
Poor useless thing, he said,  
Why did God burden me with such as thou ?  
The body were enough,  
The body gives me all.

The soul's a sort of sentimental wife  
That prays and whimpers of the higher life,  
Objects to latch-keys, and bewails the old,  
The dear old days, of passion and of dream,  
When life was a blank canvas, yet untouched  
Of the great painter Sin.

Yet, little soul, thou hast fine eyes,  
And knowest fine airy motions,  
Hast a voice—  
Why wilt thou so devote them to the church ?

His face grew strangely sweet—  
As when a toad smiles.  
He dreamed of a new sin :  
An incest 'twixt the body and the soul.

He drugged his soul, and in a house of sin  
She played all she remembered out of heaven  
For him to kiss and clip by.

He took a little harlot in his hands,  
● And she made all his veins like boiling oil,  
Then that grave organ made them cool again.

Then from that day, he used his soul  
As bitters to the over dulcet sins,  
As olives to the fatness of the feast—  
She made those dear heart-breaking ecstasies  
Of minor chords amid the Phrygian lutes,  
She sauced his sins with splendid memories,  
Starry regrets and infinite hopes and fears ;  
His holy youth and his first love  
Made pearly background to strange-coloured vice.

Sin is no sin when virtue is forgot.  
It is so good in sin to keep in sight  
The white hills whence we fell, to measure by—  
To say I was so high, so white, so pure,  
And am so low, so blood-stained and so base ;  
I revel here amid the sweet sweet mire  
And yonder are the hills of morning flowers :  
So high, so low ; so lost and with me yet ;  
To stretch the octave 'twixt the dream and deed,  
Ah, that's the thrill !

To dream so well, to do so ill,—  
There comes the bitter-sweet that makes the sin.

First drink the stars, then grunt amid the mire,  
So shall the mire have something of the stars,  
And the high stars be fragrant of the mire.

The Décadent was speaking to his soul—  
Dear witch, I said the body was enough.  
How young, how simple as a suckling child !  
And then I dreamed—‘an incest ’twixt the body  
‘and the soul :’

Let’s wed, I thought, the seraph with the dog,  
And wait the purple thing that shall be born.

And now look round—seest thou this bloom ?  
Seven petals and each petal seven dyes,  
The stem is gilded and the root in blood :  
That came of thee.

Yea, all my flowers were single save for thee.  
I pluck seven fruits from off a single tree,  
I pluck seven flowers from off a single stem,  
I light my palace with the seven stars,  
And eat strange dishes to Gregorian chants :  
All thanks to thee.

But the soul wept with hollow hectic face,  
Captive in that lupanar of a man.

And I who passed by heard and wept for both,—  
The man was once an apple-cheek dear lad,  
The soul was once an angel up in heaven.

O let the body be a healthy beast,  
And keep the soul a singing soaring bird ;  
But lure thou not the soul from out the sky  
To pipe unto the body in the sty.

## TO A POET

As one, the secret lover of a queen,  
    Watches her move within the people's eye,  
    Hears their poor chatter as she passes by,  
And smiles to think of what his eyes have seen ;  
The 'little room where love did 'shut them in,'  
    The fragrant couch whereon they twain did lie,  
    And rests his hand where on his heart doth die  
A bruised daffodil of last night's sin :

So, Poet, as I read your rhyme once more  
    Here where a thousand eyes may read it too,  
    I smile your own sweet secret smile at those  
    Who deem the outer petals of the rose  
    The rose's heart—I, who through grace of you,  
Have known it for my own so long before.     41

## THE PASSIONATE READER TO HIS POET

Doth it not thrill thee, Poet,  
Dead and dust though thou art,  
To feel how I press thy singing  
Close to my heart?—

Take it at night to my pillow,  
Kiss it before I sleep,  
And again when the delicate morning  
• Beginneth to peep?

See how I bathe thy pages  
Here in the light of the sun,  
Through thy leaves, as a wind among roses,  
The breezes shall run.

Feel how I take thy poem  
And bury within it my face,  
As I pressed it last night in the heart of  
a flower,  
Or deep in a dearer place.

Think, as I love thee, Poet,  
A thousand love beside,  
Dear women love to press thee too  
Against a sweeter side.



Art thou not happy, Poet ?  
I sometimes dream that I  
For such a fragrant fame as thine  
Would gladly sing and die.

Say, wilt thou change thy glory  
For this same youth of mine ?  
And I will give my days i' the sun  
For that great song of thine.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

(DILD, APRIL 15, 1888)

WITHIN that wood where thine own scholar strays,  
 O! Poet, thou art passed, and at its bound  
 Hollow and sore we cry, yet win no sound  
 But the dark muttering of the forest maze  
 We may not tread, nor pierce with any gaze;  
 And hardly love dare whisper thou hast found  
 That restful moonlit slope of pastoral ground  
 Set in dark dingles of the songful ways.

Gone! they have called our shepherd from the hill,  
 Passed is the sunny sadness of his song,  
 That song which sang of sight and yet was brave  
 To lay the ghosts of seeing, subtly strong  
 To wean from tears and from the troughs to save;  
 And who shall teach us now that he is still!

## 'TEJNYSON' AT THE FARM

(TO L. AND H. H.)

O you that dwell 'mid farm and fold,  
 Yet keep so quick undulled a heart,  
 I send you here that book of gold,  
 So loved so long ;  
 'The fairest art,  
 The sweetest English song.

And often in the far-off town,  
 When summer sits with open door,  
 I'll dream I see you set it down  
 Beside the churn,  
 Whose round shall slacken more and more.  
 Till you forget to turn.

And I shall smile that you forget,  
 And Dad will scold—but never mind !  
 Butter is good, but better yet,  
 Think such as we,  
 To leave the farm and fold behind,  
 And follow such as he.

‘THE DESK’S DRY WOOD’

(TO JAMES A. WELCH)

DEAR Desk, Farewell! I spoke you oft  
In phrases neither sweet nor soft,  
But at the end I came to see  
That thou a friend hast been to me,  
No flatterer but very friend.

I got who shall teach so well again  
Thou blessed lesson-book of pain,  
The truth that souls that would aspire  
Must bravely face the scourge and fire,  
If they would conquer in the end?  
Two days!

Shall I not hug thee very close?  
Two days,  
And then we part upon our ways.  
Ah me!

Who shall possess thee after me?  
O pray he be no enemy to poesy,  
To gentle maid or gentle dream.

How have we dreamed together, I and thou,  
Sweet dreams that like some incense wrapt us  
round—

The last new book, the last new love,  
 The last new trysting-ground.  
 How many queens have ruled and passed  
 Since first we met ; how thick and fast  
 The letters used to come at first, how thin at  
     last ;  
 Then ceased, and winter for a space !  
 Until another hand  
 Brought spring into the land,  
 And went the seasons' pace.  
  
 And now, Dear Desk, thou knowest for how long  
     time  
 I have no queen but song :  
 Yea, thou hast seen the last love fade, and now  
 Behold the last of many a secret rhyme !

## A LIBRARY IN A GARDEN

'A Library in a garden ! The phrase seems to contain the whole felicity of man.'— MR. EDMUND GOUSE in *Gossip in a Library*.

A WORLD of books amid a world of green,  
Sweet song without, sweet song again within  
Flowers in the garden, in the folios too :  
O happy Bookman, let me live with you !

## ON THE MORALS OF POETS

ONE says he is immoral, and points out  
Warm sin in ruddy specks upon his soul :  
Bigot, one folly of the man you flout  
Is more to God than thy lean life is whole.

## TO A GREAT CRITIC—ANDREW LANG, ESQ.

(WITH A VOLUME OF THE MINOR VERSE)

[Mr. Lang, writing, in 'Books and Bookmen,' of the presentation copies of 'Amateur Poets,' with which his life is made a burden, says: 'It is, no doubt, wise to turn these gifts with their sides against the inner walls of bookcases, to be bulwarks against the damp']

My little book, I envy thee,  
 For few doth Fortune favour so,  
 It might have been thy destiny  
 Some sleepy relative to know,  
 Or like proverbial lamb to go  
 For slaughter of some critic fang:  
 But thine, secure from fool and foe—  
 To line the shelves of Andrew Lang.

Small is my hope, small book, that he  
 For whom I write this *ex dono*  
 Shall feel the beating heart in thee,  
 And cheer us on, my book; ah no!  
 We are presumptuous dreaming so:  
 Rather he'll bid us both—go hang!  
 Or even hotly bid us go  
 To—line the shelves of Andrew Lang.

Yet, little book, I do not see  
 That such a fate need cause thee woe,  
 For very sweet 'twould seem to me  
 To line his sweet seraglio  
 Of *bouquins*, nestling row on row;  
 Indeed 'twould bring no pain or pang,  
 But rather set my heart aglow  
 To line the shelves of Andrew Lang.

•  
 O bards of unbought balladry,  
 Not all in vain it was you sang,  
 As seems it not more than £ s. d.  
 To line the shelves of—ANDREW LANG?



## FAERY GOLD

A POET hungered, as well he might—  
Not a morsel since yesternight !  
And sad he grew—good reason why—  
For the poet had nought wherewith to buy.

‘ Are not two sparrows sold,’ he cried,  
‘ Sold for a farthing ? and,’ he sighed,  
As he pushed his morning post away,  
‘ Are not two sonnets more than they ?’

Yet store of gold, great store had he,—  
Of the gold that is known as ‘ faery.’  
He had the gold of his burning dreams,  
He had his golden rhymes—in reams,  
He had the strings of his golden lyre,  
And his own was that golden west on fire.

But the poet knew his world too well  
To dream that such would buy or sell.  
He had his poets, ‘ pure gold,’ he said,  
But the man at the bookstall shook his head,  
And offered a grudging half-a-crown  
For the five the poet had brought him down.

Ah, what a world we are in ! we sigh,  
Where a lunch costs more than a Keats can buy,  
And even Shakespeare's hallowed line  
Falls short of the requisite sum to dine.

Yet other gold had the poet got,  
For see from that grey-blue Gouda pot  
Three golden tulips spouting flame—  
From his love, from his love, this morn, they came  
His love he loved even more than fame.

Three golden tulips thrice more fair  
Thap other golden tulips were—  
'And yet,' he smiled as he took one up,  
And feasted on its yellow cup,—  
'I wonder how many eggs you'd buy !  
By Bacchus, I've half a mind to try !  
'One golden bloom for one golden yolk—  
Nay, on my word, sir, I mean no joke—  
Gold for gold is fair dealing, sir.'  
Think of the grocer gaping there !

Or the baker, if I went and said,  
—'This tulip for a loaf of bread,  
God's beauty for your kneaded grain ;'

Or the vintner—'For this flower of mine  
A flagon, pray, of yellow wine,  
And you shall keep the change for gain.'

Alas! on what a different earth  
I and these fellows had our birth,  
Strange that these golden things should be  
For them so poor, so rich for me.'

Ended his sigh, the poet searched his shelf—  
Seeking another poet to feed himself;  
Then sadly went, and, full of shame and grief,  
Sold his last Swinburne for a plate of beef.

Thus poets too, to fill the hungry maw,  
Must eat each other—'tis the eternal law.

## THE MAKING OF SONG

A POET prayed, and the answer came—  
‘Thou shalt sing, and thy song shall bring thee fame  
But this must thou give for thy silver tongue  
Thrice three sorrows for each new song.’

The poet was young and the world all bloom—  
‘Give me the song, let the sorrows come.’

And so it befell that his boyhood’s pain  
Was thrice more bitter and thrice again,  
But his tears were pearls and his sobs were song  
And the solace great if the sorrow long.

Then youth with its splendid moon in the sky  
And its wonder-maiden and love, drew nigh,  
And the heart of the poet grew so glad  
He forgot his song in the joy he had.  
But the maiden died—then he thought to die  
But his song awoke him, and up in the sky,  
For each little shining tear he shed,  
He set a great shining star instead—  
His singing ended, his tears were dry.

Then years went by, and he took a wife,  
So dear she stood him in place of life,  
And, as the blossoms come to the tree,  
So came a little babe to be.  
But the blossom withered in springtime frost,  
And the poet sang of the thing they lost—  
—‘ But ah, my wife, had they taken thee ! ’

Death heard the song, and he came one night,  
And the wife lay dead in the morning light.  
Now, O poet, what comfort now ?  
Dost thou not weep for thy boyish vow ?  
Yea, the poet bowed his stricken head—  
—‘ Now let me die, for my life is dead.’

Yet, as days wore on, little leaf by leaf  
Budded once more on the tree of grief,  
And note by note the accustomed song  
Rose, as of old, more deep, more strong ;  
Though something told to the listening ears  
That it bubbled up from a fount of tears.

One more sorrow remained untried :  
God took back his song—*then* the poet died.

## ALL SONG

WHAT shall I sing when all is sung,  
And every tale is told,  
And in the world is nothing young  
That was not long since old?

Why should I fret unwilling ears  
With old things sung anew,  
While voices from the old dead years  
Still go on singing too?

A dead man singing of his maid  
Makes all my rhymes in vain,  
Yet his poor lips must fade and fade,  
And mine shall kiss again.

Why should I strive through weary moons  
To make my music true?  
Only the dead men knew the tunes  
The live world dances to.

## CORYDON'S FAREWELL TO HIS PIPE

YEA, it is best, dear friends, who have so oft  
Fed full my ears with praises sweet and soft,  
Sweeter and softer than my song should win,  
Too sweet and soft—I must not listen more,  
Lest its dear perilous honey make me mad,  
And once again an overweening lad  
Presume against Apollo. Nay, no more !  
'Tis not to pipes like mine sing stars at morn,  
Nor stars at night dance in their solemn dance :  
Nay, stars ! why tell of stars ? the very thrush  
Putteth my daintiest cunning to the blush  
And boasteth him the hedgerow laureate.  
Yea, dimmest daisies lost amid the grass,  
One might have deemed blessed us for looking at,  
Would rather choose,—yea, so it is, alas !—  
The meanest bird that from its tiny throat  
Droppeth the pearl of one monotonous note,  
Than any music I can bring to pass.

So, let me go : for, while I linger here,  
Piping these dainty ditties for your ear,  
To win that dearer honey for my own,  
Daylong my Thestylis doth sit alone,

Weeping, mayhap, because the gods have given  
Song but not sheep—the rarer gift of heaven ;  
And little Phyllis solitary grows,  
And little Corydon unheeded goes.

Sheep are the shepherd's business,—let me go,—  
Piping his pastime when the sun is low :  
But I, alas ! the other order keep,  
Piping my business, and forgot my sheep.

My song that once was as a little 'sweet  
Savouring the daily bread we all must eat,  
Lo ! it has come to be my only food :  
And, as a lover of the Indian weed  
Steals to a self-indulgent solitude,  
To draw the dreamy sweetness from its root,  
So from the strong blithe world of valorous deed  
I steal away to suck this singing weed ;  
And while the morning gathers up its strength,  
And while the noonday runneth on in might,  
Until the shadows and the evening light  
Come and awake me with a fear at length,  
Prone in some hankering covert hid away,  
Fain am I still my piping to prolong,  
And for the largess of a bounteous day  
Dare pay my maker with a paltry song.



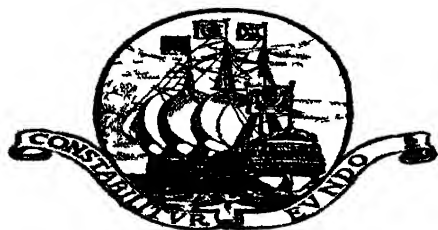
Welcome the song that like a trumpet high  
 Lifts the tired head of battle with its cry,  
 Welcome the song that from its morning heights  
 Cheers jaded markets with the health of fields,  
 Brings down the stars to mock the city lights,  
 Or up to heaven a shining ladder builds.  
 But not to me belongeth such a grace,  
 And, were it mine, 'tis not in amorous shade  
 To river music that such song is made :  
 The song that moves the battle on awoke  
 To the stern rhythm of the swordsman's stroke,  
 The song that fans the city's weary face  
 Sprang not afar from out some leafy place,  
 But bubbled spring-like in its dingiest lane  
 From out a heart that shared the city's pain;  
 And he who brings the stars into the street  
 And builds that shining ladder for our feet,  
 Dwells in no mystic Abora aloof,  
 But shares the shelter of the common roof;  
 He learns great metres from the thunderous hum,  
 And all his songs pulse to the human beat.

But I am Corydon, I am not he,  
 Though I no more that Corydon shall be  
 To make a sugared comfit of my song.  
 So now I go, go back to Thestylis—  
 How, her poor eyes will laugh again for this!— .

Go back to Thestylis, and no more roam  
In melancholy meadows mad to sing,  
But teach our little home itself to sing.  
Yea, Corydon, now cast thy pipe away—  
See, how it floats upon the stream, and see  
There it has gone, and now—away ! away !  
But O ! my pipe, how sweet thou wert to me !



The writer begs to acknowledge the kind permission of the Editors of 'Macmillan's Magazine,' 'Black and White,' 'The Library,' 'The Speaker,' 'The Academy,' 'The Art Review,' for several reprints. He has also to thank Messrs. Cope for a similar permission in regard to the lines on Lamb, originally written as a poem for their Lamb 'Booklet.'



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By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE With a Bibliography (much enlarged) by JOHN LANE, Portrait, and Illustration of the novelist's *Chalet* 1890

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A very interesting and helpful book likely to be agreeable to Mr Meredith's instructed admirers and suggestive to many by whom his works are misunderstood. As appreciations merely the essays are of a high order of literary merit. The author's style has indeed been compared with Mr Meredith's own. But that is a criticism which in effect is unjust, as it suggests the difficulties of Mr Meredith's style rather than its merits. Occasionally Mr Le Gallienne lays himself open to the charge of being fantastic but his style is not obscure. It is an eager, sensitive, and highly figured style, somewhat of the aphoristic type. Much of what Mr Le Gallienne says is admirable, for its own sake, and so far as his subject is concerned he is no unworthy guide. The remarks on Meredith's idea of comedy will be particularly useful to many. This critic lays no less stress on his poetry, especially on 'Modern Love'. With the exception of the latter, he surely overrates this part of Mr Meredith's work. The chapter, however, in which he discusses this is an interesting piece of criticism, written with the fervour of an enthusiast, yet not indiscriminating. And the concluding sentences are a striking example of his figurative style. The Bibliography compiled by Mr Lane should be very useful.

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[A few remain.

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SATURDAY REVIEW, Article: 'Narcissus Poeticus,' Oct. 10, 1891.

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'C di B' (Mr. Bernard Shaw) in THE STAR, Sept. 12, 1891.

The Narcissus, about whose life . . . we here learn a good deal, must have been an agreeable companion . . . His wayward moods, his innocent love affairs, his wanderings, his readings, his culminating grand passion. Mr. Le Gallienne renders his account of them all, and does it in a fresh and breezy style which suits his pleasant subject admirably. There is a special charm, too, about the graceful lyrics which sparkle here and there in the pretty little volume. In fact, Mr. Le Gallienne is an artist.

'The Baron's Assistant, Reader,' PUNCH, Sept. 19, 1891.

Among the depressing brutalities which, on the one hand, are saluted as the outpourings of unparalleled genius, and the Cockney vulgarities which, on the other, are accepted as humour fit for innumerable editions, it is pleasant to come upon a booklet so delicate, so artistic, and so fanciful as 'The Book-bills of Narcissus' . . . I quote the delightful songs which George Muncaster sings to his children . . . Happy Geoffrey, Owen, and Phyllis, say I, to have such songs to wake them and lull them to sleep!

'R. C. L.' in ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Sept. 26, 1891.

To have read a book through once delightedly and then to commence it again is surely a test, be the reader who he may, of its interest, if not of its worth. . . . The book is so good that it is too short.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS (with Portrait), Oct. 15, 1891

'The Book-bills of Narcissus' was also the third in a list of six of the popular books of the month in THE BOOKMAN for October; Mr. Kipling's 'Life's Handicap' and Mr. Besant's 'Armour of Lyonesse' being the two preceding.

. . . he writes with ease and enjoys the dropping of the words, the distillation of the honey as it must seem to him, and occasionally he lights the page with a fine perception of what makes gentle and lovely character . . . a singular little confession, a very modern one, infantile modern; but, above all other things, it has frankness like that of youthful unconcern, only dimly beginning to guess its own comedy.

THE NEW YORK NATION, 17th March 1892.

I wish I had space to tell you of the exquisite pages of 'The Book-bills of Narcissus,' one of the swift successes of the London autumn . . . I should have thought the book too subtle, too delicate, too poetic, to have caught

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so suddenly the public ear . . . you must read the book, those of you who love what is loveliest, and you will know of what a poet's heart it made.

MRS. L. CHANDLER MOULTON in THE BOSTON HERALD, Dec. 20, 1891.

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THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

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Edition limited to 450 copies, 16mo [*all sold*], and 50 Large Paper Copies at 10s. 6d. nett. [*A few remain.*]

The 'Rhymers' Club' is one little book of the work of twelve very competent verse writers, many of them not unknown to fame—*viz.*, to employ alphabetical order, Messrs. Dowson, Ellis, Greene, Johnson, Le Gallienne, Victor Plarr, Ernest Radford, Ernest Rhys, Rolleston, Arthur Symonds, J. Todhunter, and W. B. Yeats. This form of publication is not a new departure exactly, but it is a recurrence to the excellent fashion of the Elizabethan age when 'England's Helicon,' Davidson's 'Poetical Rhapsody,' and 'Phoenix Nest,' with scores of other collections, contained the best songs of the best song writers of that tuneful epoch. Here is an 'idle song' ('What of the Darkness?') of Mr. Le Gallienne, which 'the world had wanted' perhaps but for the Rhymers' Club. It is very welcome, come how it will, as the little book which contains it is welcome also.

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REVUE DES REVUES.

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# LIBER AMORIS; OR, THE NEW PYGMALION

By WILLIAM HAZLITT. With an Introduction by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, with the beautiful Vignette of the Madonna finely reproduced. Printed in Two Editions at the Rugby Press. 500 copies Fcap. 8vo, 5s. nett, and 50 copies Large Paper, Post 8vo, 12s. 6d. nett.

*[In preparation.]*

Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane will shortly issue, in a limited edition, William Hazlitt's rare LIBER AMORIS. Mr. Le Gallienne will provide an introduction. Readers of Mr. Le Gallienne's pretty BOOK-BILLS OF NARCISSUS will remember that Narcissus was an expert in love. The same publishers are deferring publication of Mr. Le Gallienne's new book of ENGLISH POEMS until the autumn. We understand that the whole of the large-paper and the greater part of the small-paper edition of Mr. Le Gallienne's book have already been bought up. Mr. Le Gallienne is a very fortunate poet. Mr. Traill must congratulate himself that he put him on his list in time. ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE, June 25, 1892.

. . . A new edition of that rare and delectable little volume of William Hazlitt's the LIBER AMORIS (is promised) with an introductory chapter from the pen of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. It is understood that Mr. Le Gallienne's foreword is extremely sympathetic; nay, it may almost be dubbed a defence, or supplement. That fascinating chapter, *The Thirteenth Maid*,

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in *THE BOOK-BILLS OF NARCISSUS* inclines one to hope that its author may have some interesting confessions to make regarding one, at least, of the round dozen—be she another ‘Hesper’ or Eliza matters not—provided only he be frank.

DAILY CHRONICLE, June 17, 1892

## ARTHUR HALLAM AND LORD TENNYSON

ON SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERN POETRY,  
AND ON THE LYRICAL POEMS OF ALFRED TENNYSON.

A review contributed to *THE ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE*, in the year 1831, by A. H. HALLAM. Reprinted, with an introductory note by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. Small 8vo. 3s. 6d. nett.

This essay, apart from its great interest as a memorial of the friendship between Hallam and Lord Tennyson, is remarkable for the singularly modern note of its criticism.

{ *In preparation.*

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